[redacted]

Mr. Nyland: You can sit? Huh?

(unclear)

Mr. Nyland: Huh?

Would you prefer I sit?

Mr. Nyland: I don't know. Do you?

Well, it's si mpler to stand.

Mr. Nyland: Then we'll follow the line of simplicity.

Mr. Nyland: You want to know something about the West Coast probably. I got back late last night. Coming from Albuquerque, the day before Los Angeles, and the day before San Francisco. Then that was the last week and before that we went to Seattle and Portland. And the first days ~~(unclear)~~ we were in San Francisco. I arrived there on a Wednesday. We started right away with a meeting. Lots of meetings, even piano. no organ however in Seattle — unfortunately, because the owners of the theater decided that the organ couldn't be used, etc., etc. After the organ club had worked their head off trying to fix the whole thing up. Scrubbed it, made it really beautiful. And the owner said , Thank you very much. That's fine. Now you can find your own way further. It was a very sad thing. I think it was too bad because the ~~Coneta~~ Granada organ is, as far as I know, for me at least, the best organ in this country. And I've played by this time on several. So aside from that we had meetings. We had snow. We went down to Portland from Seattle in snow. A great deal of ice. Thank God after we left they had the biggest snow and a blizzard with transportation stopped. So we missed it but in any event we went down by car from Seattle to Portland and flew down to San Francisco again.

What will I say about the trip as a whole? I think in general I hope we settled a few things that were important. The important thing was decisions about the land. We call it the land. It's the equivalent to the barn, only they don't have a building like we have. It is still very much nature. Ground, quite a bit away from civilization. Sufficiently far up the hill to make it lonesome. It's right in the mountains full of trees & beautiful views that are some landscape into the valley, really quite lovely. An awful lot of work can be done. And they are doing it, they are really working. They are working hard. The first Friday evening we went up because I wanted to stay there over night. Which they hadn't done. And there were over thirty volunteers, to weather the cold, the snow. We had snow on the way. Snow was still on the ground. It's impossible to believe, probably near San Francisco, but there it was. And it was quite cold. But we managed. We had a big plastic sheet over a beam and slept under it. I slept of course, in a little bit of something that was there which was very nice. The whole day working, chopping, cleaning up all kind of things and I must say they were really all there. It was very lovely for me to see it, this activity. The Sunday after that I was in Seattle and Portland but the Sunday that is this last one we went up very early in the morning, four o'clock, four-thirty to be there at dawn, also fifty people. All of them got out of bed early, three o'clock, some of them. From Berkeley, from Palo Alto they came. And we went up. No failure, no trouble. It's one thing. There is coherence in that group and there is a love for Work and an understanding of each other. It can be improved but it is such a beginning and so lovely to see it. And there is really recognition of

certain values. And they know they have to work for it. Because, unfortunately or perhaps sometimes I say fortunately, I am not hhere. I am here. And you could take a lesson from the way they are. And all they feel for this kind of Work and Working together and how they try to understand each other. Not just one or two. Seven or eight are responsible. Each with different tasks. And the activities are jointly discussed at the proper time with each other. We figured out in the beginning the so-called master plan for the land. What to do, How to do it, Where this, Where that, What kind of buildings if we ever get there, Where we should really put them. All the arrangements, water.. There is of course no electricity. All the different things that have to be taken care of. I say six or seven of them as a nucleus. Some of them are the six or seven who are in charge of Group ~~three~~ III. And they got together, spent the whole day working out the master plan, with beautiful drawing. Then at the last Sunday we could talk about it and see what was reight. It included a little house for me. You better be careful, there is a great temptation. Sometimes I think I would like to be there. I will have to divide my time and know that and I also know that they deserve it. And it is a question. What are we doing here? It's alright. I'm not critical. -I was critical about them too. A certain form of respect was missing. And in other ways there is so much of it. Such recognition. I make a trip. I come there! I am welcome. Everything is readied. Little place I sleep which is above Clara Street where the loft is you might say, an old printing plant as you probably remember. Upstairs it is office. I sleep in the little room next to it. They put in a bathroom, shower.

everything. But lovely when I got there. There it was, desk all clear. On top, couple of pencils, ball pen, paper, five by eight cards, everything that I would need, might need, envelopes. Flowers all over the place. There it was, welcome. Ice box filled. Stuff that could be used. It was for me. And it was lovely. And this I felt, this love, and was very much welcome. To some extent can say they appreciated. And perhaps it is right. We had group three meetings four of them, a whole series. The first two meetings; very general. Where does work belong in ordinary life? What is ordinary life? The third meeting I insisted on questions and answers. There were not so many but sufficient. Then in between before the third and the forth we had a meeting in Palo Alto. It was a demi-open meeting filled with questions, about sixty people. And then the last, it was on a Monday evening, just the evening before we went to Los Angeles, over a hundred and twenty people. They came. I don't know how much interest will remain. But it was filled with questions and good questions. Really intelligent wishing to know, to find out. Of course, you can say it's a little difficult when I am there. I admit that. But when I listen to your tape of last Tuesday. I went through it three quarters. That was all the time I had today. And I listened to it and I sat and I waited after a few statements from someone which by the way were very good, Bruce. A long silence. I thought by that time everybody had a body Kesdjan and was at the SE-DO Really idiotic. How can you? And then a little later again, a silence like that. What is it? Is there interest or not. You can say yes. And then you can say there is less when I am not here. Shame on you, by this time there ought to be more than enough. Ten people. Those who lead groups

who should at such a time ask, make statements, talk intelligently, maybe softly. Maybe short but talk about Work. You spent the whole day or the whole tape practically on talking about level. What for? What is so difficult about the level of one's being? It is so simple. I am what I am at a level. Every once in a while a little higher, a little lower. To find out what level I am on, I find out where it comes from. From my mind, from my feeling, from an activity. And I say certain things from that place. Does it come from a deeper ground like an essential quality ~~that~~ then it is a different kind of a level, a little higher. Has it a subject that is of interest to me, my heart, religious, philosophy, real scientific, it is deeper. If it has God it is as deep perhaps as it can be for me. When ~~I~~ talk about that. When I talk about Work, also. I talk about that what is important for my soul. When I Work I am interested in that. That is why a little bit of that palabra about the barn afterwards is so silly. The Barn is there, and I've told you so many times, what for. When I'm there we talk about it. It is there for you to touch. And when you get there it is for me and it ought to be for all of us a Holy place where Work is being done. I talked about the land I think it was New Year's Eve and I told them, and if you want to listen to such tapes, listen to them. There are meetings there. There were questions. It was Christmas celebration. There was a Portland tape, I've sent them. I do not know who has even looked at them. Try to find out. Kind of, "What happened to Mr. Nyland?" What is he doing there on the coast? "What is he talking about"? Where is your interest, all of you? And for those who have interest I'm not

talking to you. I'm talking to the others. You are superficial. You're really very, very bad. I got a feeling last night when I got to the house. It's a lovely house. It has been built with your affection. I know that. Many of you have given certain things to it. I'm very happy about it. I'm glad it is there. It has a certain atmosphere, probably. And still when I got there, there was something wrong. You know sometimes I'm very sensitive and I feel things are a little out of place. People have been there. Not entirely right with the right attitude. A little bit of sniffing here and there to find out what is what. Only late in the evening it came back. This morning it was better. And it will be better because it will be maintained. You must understand now what I am going to tell you. I want that house to be my private place. You see in San Francisco I had a rule; no one to call me before two o'clock. If they had to, it was taken by a secretary or someone who was always downstairs. They came in on their own steam sometimes with a bicycle. But they came there and they answered the phone and they took messages. When they came in they didn't disturb me. I was left alone. If I needed something they would help me. They would bring up some breakfast if I wanted anything during the whole day. Coffee-whatever it was. They were there. And at two o'clock I could see people. I was willing, of course. There were several. When we were at the land the whole day went with talking, seeing, some personal problem. Something that they wanted to express or at least that I could be for them a sounding board. I will close my house up to two o'clock. There can be communication perhaps with the phone if necessary. This applies

(FFH)

to every day including Saturday, Sunday. I want that house to be private. I hope you will also understand what I say now. I invited Margorie to stay there for a definite purpose. I've explained every once in a while what it is to suffer intentionally, And to have to labor consciously. You must know I work. You must know I prepare for my death. You must know I try to embellish my soul. And for that I will do certain things completely out of your comprehension, and I do not wish any kind of a remark about anything of that kind that I do because you don't know why I do things. And you have no right whatsoever to enter even into that kind of privacy of myself. I do this definitely for a purpose. I have an aim and I invite her. And she is my guest. And she is entitled to the same privacy as I am. Try to understand this very well because I don't want anything else to be said about it. So when I say privacy I mean it. That house will be finished whenever I wish, And when ever I ask for it. There is no one that's going to work there anymore unless there is something that I would like to have done. And I will not go away again under these kind of conditions. Because things were not cared for the way I would have liked. I left full instructions. And to some extent, and who ever has done it well, they know. And to a certain extent when it wasn't done, also such people know. I have to teach you still, responsibilities. You don't really take them, Not enough. You don't know what it is to become a Man ultimately. If you wish and I insist that whatever there is at the barn will have that kind of a cache It will be under the alias of that to make a man of all of those who come and not to shirk responsibilities when they are supposed to be taken.

And not by just two or three but everybody who does come. Whoever is interested will be able to talk about that and to see where some are failing. And then in time we will take care because I will read you out. I'm not interested in just having a large group. I want Work. That's my aim in my life. And that is why there is a barn. I want you to understand it. I will refer to it several times during this year. I've said that before. You must know now that I mean it. And not w ith a sad face but with full intention on your part to make the best of that kind of a place that is there which was created for you and which you helped to buy and for which we still have some responsibility and that includes the guest house and it includes all the different activities that we are engaged in, all of them. I want to make sure that they run in the right way and that people remain interested and can do their job and their work. It doesn't help me and nobody that people move out there. That may be partly because they would like to be out in the country and partly it may be and I think to some extent that is true, to be in the neighborhood of the barn. And now we start Work like that. You see, I haven't talked to you for the New Year. I spent that kind of an energy on the West Coast and for them. And I hope maybe you could listen to that tape. I advise you really to find out what did we talk about there. Not here. We will talk here of course, Tuesday. The strength of the groups ~~Two~~ II will still have to show. They're not all right and I will still have things to say about it. And I hope that communication we will have with them and with the group leaders and attempts and the way it has to be kept. All that we will work on it. We've set up a central place here, in San Francisco, in Seattle, and in Oregon (word unclear) for index, for information, for research. Several people have been assigned to that kind of task. And we work it out from beginning to end, uniformly.

Working out together to establish a level also that with transcriptions with the kind of things that may be of use to you. So that maybe later when you want to know something if we have talked about it you will know what I think if that is of any value. I think it is in the line of Work. It is in the line of a possible development of yourself. And either you belong or you don't. Really you must know this now. And you must know it very well. You must know it in your heart. You must know it in that level of Being. So that there is something in you that really becomes much more responsible to be able to work together. Not to drive in a nail. I don't care. I can do that too. But really to be present in whatever you wish to do. Try to be honest and sincere and simple, without any doubt remain simple. And to try to bring, when you come to the barn. Something was said about arrival at nine o'clock. Bruce was quite right and he felt it. There was something wrong with the abbitude when I'm not there. Work should compel you — Not me any longer. That's why I say what's the matter with you? Are you spoiled because I happen to be here. Well, you know dammed well I won't be here all the time. It's quite possible I withdraw entirely from anything. It has (word unclear) perhaps nothing to do with my death. I want you to work for your own sake. God knows that's what I wish. There's no ulterior motivation. Nothing. Nothing what-so-ever than to try to help you to see what may be necessary in your life, what you ought to do or to talk about and what perhaps can be done and to put it on that kind of a serious level so that really it has a meaning for you and not superficial. I hate superficiality. And it cannot be. You come, listen to music, it's not superficial. You know damned well it isn't. There is a language and it stirs you every once in a while a little emotionally because it's unusual and you haven't heard that kind of a thing and this what I'm saying you haven't

heard that so easily. You haven't heard many things that were talked about on tapes. You go and find it in a book. You won't. I know it. I know what we talk abbut. And very seldom even have you heard me talk like this. And you won't hear it very much any more because I leave things alone now. In my privacy I will look at you. All of you and to see to what extent you can measure up. Maybe I will put a fence areund it with a gate. When I don't want to be disturbed I don't want to be disturbed. I have work to do. And you must know that by this time, you must know it. But it doesn't mean I exclude myself from all of you. Whoever wishes to talk, can. That door is opened up at a certain time when it is more convenient for me without disturbance of that kind of things that I have to think about. How to arrange it. What I can do regarding Fire Fly. I did a little bit, a little writing. I was enabled to do it thank goodness, because there were no disturbances. I had some correspondence of tapes to listen to, and of course there was enough I have to be up to date also when I talk to them to find out where they were; what they had talked about; what we should talk about. And the holidays interfered a little bit of course. But we did. We were busy. And I will try to be busy here and I would like all of us to help regardless of how difficult it is with the snow and the ice. All you have to do is be careful and sometimes decide not to come. It's up to you, your conscience to see what you wish to do and what you then can do. Again I say it for your sake, not for me. Don't think that, I am happy with the house, of course it was a good activity. And it was a good project. And some of us learned something from it. But you know I don't need a house either. I had a little hut up there. It was enough for me. I didn't want them and I don't still want them to build and we may

they insisted (word unclear) so we'll build a little bit. It's all right. I had an office in the car for sometime you know. The office at the barn served my for about a year. I was alright too. Maybe sometimes a little cold but what is it that we wish? What is it really that you want? What you want to do with your life? And here is the opportunity at least to enable you to see for yourself and to find out perhaps what is missing or lacking or what as yet not complete enough and in what respect you don't have as yet enough foundation to stand on and to really be strong enough to withstand all the onslaughts of ordinary life. And you fall into traps time and time again. Into traps of unconsciousness; into traps of too much manifestation; into traps of too much talk; and into of too much silence. All of these things, ordinary human beings, and we all are. There's no exception. And there is no particular favoritism either. We work for the sake of all of us. When we work together then you create an atmosphere and that is the level of the barn represented by the life you give it. And the more there are people who work and understand and make attempts the better that level is becuase you can feel it. One can become sensitive to that and then it can encourage you and then youccan look at something that perhaps you have built or worked at and you look and you remmamber all during that time maybe you happened to be awake every once in a while and of course such things are possible. Don't think that this work is impossible. It is completely possible. For all of us. Don't make a mistake about that. It depends how much you think you need and you wish and then you can. When you wish you can. And you can do it. Don't be half hearted about it. And don't be defeated before you start. And don't worry about how long it takes. It has taken you a long time to become as unconscious as you are.

It will take a long time before you become a little bit conscious. But on the road- that is a different kind of a thing. There is a little bit of light, twilight you can call it, a ray of light, hope, faith, to grow gradually day after day, attempt after attempt, hundreds, thousands attempts to try to try one way, another way. It doesn't matter. Have patience. You must know what there is alive in you that you wish to uncover and you wish to set it free because then it will have a meaning of its own, not dependent anymore of the form in which it is now represented in your body. The freedom from that I say manifestations of one's self. Freedom from the effect of the moon on you which ever the way you want to say it. So there was my trip. It was good. We did a few things really. I played a little piano. Clara Street has a piano. We had two music evenings. A Friday like today also I talked, also a little Armagnac. I played in Portland, good piano. Peter knows it. It was very interesting. And then the last evening in Albuquerque or that evening---Albuquerque I played on a beautiful piano. A little hard to touch but such a sound. A good Steinway. So together we had different kinds of food, different kinds of people, now a little bit more jpined together. And a little bit more encouraged. And all of them they will work all of them, I assure you. There are no loafers among them. Although the hundred and twenty people that came the last evening of group three interesting, from everywhere all kind of all kinds, and good questions. And some out of curiosity. Of course, how else could it be. But they came. There is an openness to some extent. I feel it's diffement from here. There is something else here which they don't have. There is a certain level which they cant produce. It's a certain form of life that we have gone through. There are already experiences that we have had together and that has

given us to some extent understanding. But many of you are lazy, really lazy. I don't mind saying it you know, because I know how it is when you are bothered by a variety of different things professionally and when you have your own obligations and the necessity of really attending to that in your life first which of course is important but don't use it for an excuse. When you want to work you can always work and still attend to that. I tald you the story of the sbargent and the corporal with the suitcases. There is always time to salute the future. So let's hope for a good year, 1969. Think of that. What a number. And let's work and particularly let's work together. We can drink to that. Look at this glass I have. I ought to feel I can drink for all of you.

It's now so bad I don't dare to talk anymore unless there are a couple of machines going. It's so idiotic really. You carry things away along with you. You open your mouth, immediately there is a recording. How would it have been in the time of Gurdjieff? If we had nice little recorders in our pockets. And whenever he would open his mouth put the micrpphone. It can become a habit of course. Sometimes it looks as if we've reached the end. There was a period in Gurdjieff's time with Orage that Gurdjieff objected to the way Orage had been teaching and he found it necessary to stop it. And one time he came and he issued a proclamation you might call it, against intelligentsia. The real meaning is against theory, against just talking. You're really not entitled to talk unless you have Worked. When you talk your brain is just active in a certain way. When you Work your brain is active in a different way. And in that way it makes room for different kind of talk. In that way it empties

itself in the manifestations as they are then consciously observing of something that becomes deposited in you. And that in time you can draw on it. And it leaves your mind free or so empty that very little sometimes to talk about. And it was at that time with Orage necessary because Orage was cut off a little bit sometimes from what Gurdjieff would send. And then he would have to make due with what already was there and much wasthen taken from the book which was in the precess of being written and partly published. And Gurdjieff being very clever or I mean Orage being very clever manipulated that a little and much of the things we talked about became so theoretical, interesting, and brilliantly expressed that sometimes even you could consider them deep thoughts of relations to each other giving perspective to the world as a whole. Also that what has been written before that was queted ow reference was made. And trememdously enjoyable for us. We ate it up. And it kept us going for some time and then all of a sudden, boop. There is Gurdjieff. And he tells us we are ready for the mad house. Such a terrible thing. We were so sincere. We were so really honest. And admiring Orage our love for Work could not be excelled. We really, we thought we were right. And Orage, he was teacher and then the master comes. I think of that many, many times. I don't think there is scarcity of material. I don't think I have to manipulate too much. So the greatest danger is that one always is repeating a little bit you see a new elucidation to certain aspects a nd then in the love for that after following , following that kind of a line of reasoning or even emotionally becoming involved in it one looses every once in a while track of what you want to what you ought to say. And you say what you love to say and to pull one's self up short and

to have at certain times such realization of what one is doing and to review it and to say where was it wrong. Where did I get off the road? Why did I speak that long about certain things? It could have been cut short. I shouldn't have used that many words to express a very simple idea and much earlier I should have already made reference to Work as the only solution instead of going and following through on a lovely philisophical subject with all the aspects that belong to it. And all the depths and all relationships from ~~Shopenhauer~~ Schopen to ~~Fichte~~ Fichte ~~(word unclear)~~ to anybody quoting here and there left and right, sometimes of course I do it. I don't do it to show off. I do it because it happens to occur in my brain. And sometimes it is a little bit in the way and it clamors for attention. And before I knew it there is a little bit of a quotation or something that I remember. And then maybe I'm not entirely right any more. At the end of such a meeting I think and I ask Gurdjieff, was it right? I knew (word unclear) to ask, I don't dare to ask Beelzebub and I don't dare to ask God. How can one remain really almost I would say timid to say things in all humility. Every once in a while to reduce one's voice almost to a whisper and try to say things that are true really truthful. How does one dare to talk about it? The question of soiling ideas of lowering them bringing them down as it were to our level and not leave them where they should be high up on the shelf not to be reached until you see that to reach it this question of growth not physically anymore is reaching with outstretched, outstretched arms applied to one's emotions. The arms in an emotion are the extensions into etherial Work, extensions towards what we call endlessness towards what is now in a form flowing out from the arms and fingers towards that what really should be

reached not touched by the reach in some way or other. A contact has to be made within. This wish on the part of a man when he really is concerned with his life he is without words then and he doesn't want them anymore. And then Gurdjieff says that's right, no more words. Enough. Enough. This is what he tried to tell Orage and Orage understood because knew how much ever talked he had and there was a paper to be signed and Orage signed it himself. He came back from London when this went on and then the first thing he did to ask Gurdjieff, "can I sign?" Such truthfulness on the part of such a brilliant man, such understanding of what was really needed for him and also to know what he had tried to do again in all sincerity because there was no question about the conscience of Orage. But then Gurdjieff - you are right. Where is Gurdjieff for us? It's not me. You must know that. It's your conscience, you have to sense it if (phrase unclear) if it is really sufficiently accessible. If you really want to listen to it. If you feel that it is possible to go within to your inner chamber and to rest for a little while. And let the rest of the world go on. Never mind the noise. Never mind the superficiality, trying to be too sincere one overdoes it. Never mind the attempt at essence and it just dribbles out. And it disappears and it fades away and it looses the color but within one's self there is a concentration possible at times of all of one and it turns in and all forces turn not to be diluted because they become more concentrated the more you go inside and we make from all the manifestations on the surface certain forces flow towards one's essence and it is that what one wishes at that time to be in contact with that. And then your conscience will tell you, don't talk too much. Just do, just try what you know and be honest and

if you want to talk about that talk about your attempts because that a person will recognize. Your attempt to be aware to awake to really be alive to really see thatw what you are, your life and not be manifestations only, through them. Through that what is the surface that covers you whatever the coating is whatever is the attempt you make to make it transparent but to become within first a Man belonging to you thanks to God and a man like God thanks to you. To Be at sueh moments. To Be just your self and no expression to the outside world not as yet. To be within first and to exclude yourself as it were from the world, to say, "I am sorry I have Work to do, I have to be by myself now." Not later, now. Because I am afraid that our phone might (phrase unclear) call me again into the activity of ofdinary life and I don't want it honestly. I don't want it. That is my prayer. I don't want that I only want one thing. To be able to live where I am where I really am from where then I can go out again into the world. That is why Orage signed that paper, so he became simple. He sat at the feet of Gurdieff. He listened, he was one of us and then not any longer what we thought of him and not any longer what he at times not only wished but performed and knowing his performance every once in a while Orage was carried away and forgot his own essence. And there was Gurdjieff, thank God, to tell. These are the things that we have to consider. You have to consider them. I have to consider them. These are the traps. These are the long discussions. These are even the long silences because you have nothing to say. And you don't want to say superficial wordsand that perhaps is right but where is your essential being? Where is your life? Where is really that what you are? And simply even if you sigh and say, "My God, I wished I

I could tell what I really experience". But I cannot find words but I know there was something that I knew that happened to me and I, I know I was there and somehow or other maybe God smiled on me so that then I knew I existed. That's all I want to tell then, no words, no explanation, no justification, no playing up to anybody, just yourself withim as if the voice comes from your own death,,telling the world that you are alive. Not to worry about you because when you talk you are dying when you talk too much you are dead. But you don't make sense when you have to use thousands of wordsf for a little bit of something that is so easy to say with a sigh. Your meetings still are too much too wordy. Not to the point. Don't compare yourself with me. I talk for your sake, not for my own. I talk to make you realize a perspective in certain things. And I hope that when I talk it is enough with sense that you can feel it. Because it has to be clear. And then when it is clear and when you Work then you have something to talk about. We now during this year have many times that I will remind you. We will see each other from time to time. I will also be away from time to time. Even when I may be in my house I may not appear. Maybe I take off all of a sudden without your knowing it. And there you are in a meeting forced with each other. Always prepare. Always make sure that you follow whatever is asked with your own mind. That you could answer it. Always try to answer it while someone else is answering. Always try to be present to a question and then you will be awake to your answer. When you really wish a meeting can be very good even if it is ten minutes. Even if it is just for a little while. You have food that is essentially correct and it'll quench your thirst. Just a little essence of life. Just a little quintessence. That what

is intuition, intuition teaches you within, So when you are inside you will be taught. It will express itself in a heightened emotional state. But again of course I say Work. When you Work your brain will be empty and then you fill it. And then because of that the brain charges a little a little at a time, not much but enough to be able to contain in that changed state a little more of the food that really counts. That is why you must Work. Otherwise you are not able to receive more. You stay at the same place and with the general condition of the earth you go down. If you want to fly you have to maintain yourself at the place where you are and then move your wings. When you Work your brain can be filled and filled with matter which is selected under the guidance of I. 'I' will be the judge when it is intellectually functioning to tell you what is right and what can enter and will tell you not to let certain things enter that automatically are clamoring for entrance and you are weak because your mind is really not strong enough to resist the temptation of such pleasure. And what is true of your mind is true of your feeling and your emotional possibilities. And of course what is true of those two is true of your body. You just allow it. Give it something to do a little unusual, really get out of your shell. Get up at twp o'clock in the morning and sit for an hour and go to bed. Teach your body to be hungry. Let it be for what ever it is. Suffer that something in you can remain alive. Through that suffering to teach your body who is master. Make it do extra work. Not give up just ~~of~~ at the time when you get a little lazy or so called tired. Then is the time. Then you can be awake because you make an extra effort. Gurdjieff many times talks about super efforts. Not even a little effort at being awake or aware. Supereffort

really wishing against all odds, all odds of not finding Work in ordinary life, all odds of poverty, all forms of suffering, all conditions of being done, all things when you miss that what you think you are entitled to and that you hope for and as yet have not come to you as an experience, all kinds of ideal states that you wished and which you are entitled to have maybe even if you wished maturity and you haven't got it. Wish that you have strength and you think you don't have it because you don't it. You don't put it to the test. You don't put your body enough to the test. And again I say to those who do. And there are. Don't take my words as addressed to you. You take out of whatever I say that what you think is right for you and the rest you can throw out. I don't care but you must make quite sure that it doesn't go for you that is that it doesn't belong to you because if it belongs to you and you throw it out you will be damned. It is serious as that. When you once hear that certain things have to be done, go ahead and do them and find a God damned good excuse for not doing them and when you don't then admit it. I don't do it for this and that reason. I wished you would have more of that attitude towards Work. That you really feel that Work isn't easy. More precious than your breath. It doesn't matter how long it takes. And it doesn't matter how patient you have to be and doesn't matter if at the present time even you are not able to do it. But your posture which is emotional in quality. A stretching your hands towards that...and let go through your fingers this form of emotional energy to make contact with his endlessness. That should be your prayer. Have a good Saturday, Sunday and the whole week. I hope you will really live, really really live.

Trans: Rough.